

Topeka State Journal

An Independent Newspaper.
By FRANK P. MAC LENNAN.

[Entered July 1, 1875, as second-class matter at the postoffice at Topeka, Kan., under act of congress.]

VOLUME XXXVII. No. 212

Official State Paper.
Official Paper City of Topeka.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Daily edition, delivered by carrier, 10 cents a week to any part of Topeka or suburbs, or at the same price in any Kansas town where the paper has a carrier system.
By mail, one year, \$2.50
By mail, six months, \$1.50
By mail, 100 calendar days, \$1.00

TELEPHONES.

Private branch exchange, Call 3530 and ask the State Journal operator for person or department desired.
Topeka State Journal building, 800, 802 and 804 Kansas avenue, corner Eighth.
New York Office, 250 Fifth avenue.
Paul Block, manager.
Chicago Office, Malters building, Paul Block, manager.
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The news is received in The State Journal building over wires for this sole purpose.MEMBER:
Associated Press.
Audit Bureau of Circulations.
American Newspaper Publishers' Association.

Probably the assumption of the supreme command of his forces by Czar Nicholas doesn't worry the Teutonic allies in the least. And why should it, pray tell, why should it? In all probability the czar of all the Russias doesn't know any more about the details of managing or maneuvering such tremendous forces as his armies compose than he does about mixing bread.

Were physical proportions alone necessary, Czar Nicholas might well be another "Little Napoleon."

Merely a reversion to type, maybe. Monkey dinners are among the latest fads with the "smart set" in little old New York, dinners where there is a real monkey with the others at each of the tables set for five. And they have "futuristic" dances on the side, whatever they may be. It must be distressing to be so rich that ennui can be dispelled only with such monstrosities.

Being a son of Kaiser Wilhelm is no snap. Take Prince Adolph, the third one, for instance. He is not only a captain in the German navy but also a major in the army. But, then, his naval duties so far in the war must have been light. A captain is superior to the command of a submarine. The lieutenants are the boys that have such work cut out for them.

What an unusual experience it must be to be looking over the rail of a steamship and see, coming from a German submarine, a torpedo that will blow the ship to pieces in another instant or two? And then live to tell about it.

Germany's new war loan, points out the Omaha Bee, bears 5 per cent interest, against England's 4 1/2 per cent. In both instances the advance amounts to 2 per cent more than the cost of money in normal times, and measures one side of the load piling up for posterity.

Rudyard Kipling who has been speechmaking in England almost since the war began has finally gone to the front, and to the trenches in Flanders, but only for the purpose of war correspondence. No nation is stronger in gifted war correspondents than England.

School boys may feel inclined, suggests the Washington Star, to request a postponement of studies in geography until the rearrangement of the maps are completed.

In some places the French and German trenches extend closely along the line of the vineyards, says the Dundee Advertiser, and the peasants labor patiently with the din in their ears of the thundering artillery. Happily they have got used to it, and are no longer to be decomposed. In the circumstances, however, the champagne vintage of 1915 will enjoy a celebrity denied to some of the most famous years.

Just a glimpse at the daily programs for the Topeka fair, with its free gate, is all that is necessary to convince even the most skeptical that it is going to be a hummer in all of its details. Topeka has finally landed on the big fair mat with both feet firmly planted.

It would appear that the camera is approaching the omnipresent. Whenever anything happens there a camera seems to be and in working order, even to the taking of pictures of the founding of the big ships that are the victims of German submarine torpedoes.

In the great European war, the Seven Day Adventists see a sign of the end of the world. But the Seven Day Adventists have seen other signs of the end of the world on many other occasions.

SOCIAL INSURANCE.

Our industries, writes Henry W. Bullock in the September Case and Comment, have progressed far beyond the dream of Watt and Arkwright. From the simple loom there has come the complex life of the modern industries. As life becomes more complex, we become more dependent upon each other for production, transportation, and distribution of food and

clothing; and those who distribute and those who work must be paid by all for whom they work. Accidents result from a multiplicity of contributing causes, and thus become social instead of individual, in their origin. A high national standard can only be protected through a high home life. High home life cannot be maintained without social insurance, which will equalize burdens and rewards. Virtue is not nourished by an empty stomach, nor does it come from debauchery, but from things which satisfy and produce health. Wealth, schools, and art galleries have no inspiration to the hungry; none can be spiritually uplifted when the pangs of appetite are gnawing at the vitals of their body which holds their spirit; none can be enraptured by external surroundings when they are cast down and depressed by forces greater than those which might otherwise elevate.

Iola, Kansas, is many miles from the Gulf Coast and yet a considerable portion of it was suddenly put in the throes of a rushing and devastating wave that happened to be caused by the cloudburst. All of which is no proof, of any necessity, that no place on God's green footstool is safe and secure from the ravages of the elements. Topeka might be next.

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.

Certainly it was exceedingly considerate of the attorney general's office to make the public announcement that it will investigate the lodges and clubs because of suspicions that some of them are providing their members with liquor on their premises in violation of the law. This will give any organizations that might be trafficking in liquors a chance to clear out their ice chests and lockers, so that they can show a clean slate when the investigators get busy.

According to the New York World, old Doc Cook writes that he has climbed Mt. Everest to a height of 27,000 feet, a level at which few men, if any, can live, even in a balloon. The World expresses the hope that he buried a brass tube, adding: This is a suspicious age.

NEW YORK MAY NOT PROFIT.

New York state's constitutional convention has ended its labors at a cost of \$1,000,000 and by summing 34 amendments to the people for their approval. And as the people may vote them down they might not get any kind of a run for this large sum of money. And the political machines in New York will probably do their best to kill the constitutional revision at the polls because of its short ballot feature which reduces the number of elective state officers to five, the last thing that political machines of the New York type desire is a larger efficiency in government.

Nature seems to be a most convenient ally for the Russians and about the only helpful one they have. The usual fall floods in the territory comprising the eastern war zone have arrived on scheduled time and are impeding the German advance, stopping it entirely in some places.

ANOTHER FUTILE WAR.

In an endeavor on Chicago's part to cleanse her underworld no less than 663 of its denizens were arrested in a single night. But regardless of the arrests that Chicago may make with this end in view, the Windy City and all other big cities for that matter, will continue to have their underworlds until the conditions that make them possible are eradicated. And this is a Herculean task that probably is impossible of accomplishment, and certainly not as long as Chicago and her sister cosmopolitan centers have saloons at their adjoints.

Carranza's orders to his troops to aid the United States troops in preserving the peace along the border have an un-Mexican ring to them. But if they are intended seriously to indicate that the Old Man of Mexico is leaving no stone unturned to obtain the recognition from the United States that some one must get before there can be hope for the peace between the Rio Grande and the establishment of a stable government there.

COMMUNITY CIVICS.

"Community civics helps the child to know the meaning of his community life, not merely a lot of facts about it," says a bulletin just issued by the United States bureau of education. This bulletin was prepared by four members of the committee on social studies of the National Education Association, Dr. J. Lynn Barnard, school sociologist, Philadelphia; F. W. Carrier, principal of Wilmington (Mass.) High school; Arthur W. Dunn, specialist in civic education, United States bureau of education, and Clarence D. Kingsley of the Massachusetts board of education. The significance of the term "community civics" does not lie in its geographical applications, says the bulletin, "but applies this point of view to the national community as well. Emphasis is laid upon the local community because it is the one with which every child-citizen has most intimate relations, and for that reason it is easier for him to enter into it." The authors of the bulletin make clear that the term "citizenship" is used broadly. The "good citizen," they say, "is a person who habitually conducts himself with proper regard for welfare of the community of which he is a member, and is active and intelligent in his co-operation with his fellow members to that end." Community civics, according to the bulletin, should be taught in the elementary grades of the public schools and should be continued in a more comprehensive course in the first year of the high school. Many pupils do not enter high school at all, and those who do should already have begun to acquire habits of civic thought and action. The greater maturity of the high school pupil makes possible the

development of phases of the subject that are impracticable in the elementary school. "Many courses in civics," the authors think, "because they fix attention upon the machinery of government rather than upon the elements of community welfare for which government exists. They familiarize the pupil with the manipulation of the social machinery without showing him the importance of the social ends for which this machinery exists. A lesson in community civics is not complete unless it leaves with the pupil a sense of his responsibility, and results in right action. To attain these ends is perhaps the most difficult and delicate task of the teacher." Much civic instruction, declares the bulletin, has been ineffective because it has left the pupil to work out for himself the application of general principles. The translation of principles into conduct is more difficult than the comprehension of the principles themselves. "While we urge that the citizen should engage in these activities as far as opportunity offers, it is necessary to cultivate a motive sufficiently strong to lead him actively to do so. This motive is to be found in the common interest, which includes his interest, at least until such time as an ideal altruism may lead to the placing of the interest of others and of the community above the interest of self."

A certain beautiful dame was wooed by two young men, one of whom had inherited a million dollars. The other had inherited a bylaw salary of \$10 a week. She loved the poor young man best, but said she could not think of marrying him until he could support her in the style to which she had determined to become accustomed.

Journal Entries

Most of the footprints on the sands of time are meaningless blotches. The sharpest pain connected with a surgical operation is having to pay for it. Altogether too many folk engage in vigorous talk when they should be hard at work.

Think of what an evil world this would be if all the stories peddled about concerning its people were true.

It also takes an expert at figures to pick out the right number of a chorus for a musical show.

Jayhawker Jots

The Home City Tribune wonders what has become of the old-fashioned boy who used to trim his father's toenails.

If you are sure that you cannot make mistakes you'd better call the undertaker, advises the Ottawa County Democrat. We are sure you are dead.

Why is it, asks the Glasco Sun, that a busted automobile tire or a kink in the engine always looks so all-fired funny to the fellows who have to walk?

Personal prosperity item, in the McLaughlin Times: We got so many new subscribers last week that the editor decided to buy a \$10,000 automobile. He went down town and got a quart of gasoline as a starter.

Three young men of Pratt took a young German out for a "snipe hunt," reports the McPherson Freeman, and the laugh on their faces when they returned and left them to walk the three miles back to town.

A campaign against sparking has been launched in Kansas, notes the Topeka State Journal. But insists the Press it will never get anywhere. There'll be sparking in Kansas and every other old place just as long as there is lightning.

The Indians are predicting a hard winter, says the Ness County News, and it sagely adds: Whether these people, who have lived so much closer to nature than their white brothers, have any prophetic vision of the action of the elements, remains to be seen.

The Ford automobile was only mentioned nine times by the talent at our chautauque last week, reports the Harper Sentinel, and it adds: That's pretty good. A year ago, a conservative estimate of the number of times the Ford was "rung in" would be thirty.

Weather possibilities that occur to the Muscatine Record: If the winter is to be as much colder than last as this summer has been cooler than last, it will be a hummer, and if the moisture comes in the same proportion it will be a sleigh-riding over mountains of snow on a level with the houseposts.

A hot weather innovation which is said to have attained popularity with the ladies in the East, is "roll stocking," notes the Jamestown Op-Ed and it goes on: A Jamestown lady came down town this week one stocking rolled down almost to her ankle, and there was considerable discussion as to whether she was gradually getting used to the new style or had merely forgotten something.

Globe Sights

BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

It doesn't take much of a mechanic to invent a poor excuse.

Most people are anti-something, rather than pro-something else.

It is believed that postage stamps were invented to peeve druggists.

A woman may seem reasonably graceful until she attempts to run.

Sometimes one can't decide which looks the worse, iodine or a gash.

Nearly every man is disposed to regard his guess as a conservative estimate.

Also, some enterprising individuals seem to omit their hurry to rushing down to work.

It is believed that the Lord is with Jude Johnson, for Jude is still out of the penitentiary.

If a man has a reputation of being liberal the chances are his wife does not like the Jewing down.

Perhaps this is the most tiresome saying, "If I knew anything I wouldn't be working."

You may be brave, or you may be a fool, sometimes it is hard to distinguish between a brave man and a fool.

The law may assume you are innocent until you are proven guilty, but the public isn't anything like that.

There really is not much difference. There is about as much floundering in a standpat speech as there is in a Bunsen burner.

On the Spur
of the Moment
BY ROY K. MOULTON.

A feller has a lot of trouble doing his credit with a one-street town. There is a certain joy about wearing your first derby that doesn't come at any other time in life. The real pleasure is the feller who thinks that his one vote is going to decide the presidential election.

And there are men who envy me. And feel as sad as I can be. Because they cannot take my place. By any gang of guys and graces. They can not see (like owls and hawks). How much she wabbles when she walks.

In rowdiness, it's plain to see. How fate steps forth to join with me; I must endure the flings and fliers. I laughed up and hissed into my ears. By any gang of guys and graces. Because she wabbles when she walks.

And now, my friend, if you would know The reason why she wabbles so. I can tell you. In high-heeled shoes. Just beats the Gentiles under her nose. And that is why Dan Cupid balks. Because she wabbles when she walks.

HENRY W. ROBY, D.
Topeka, Kansas.

The Evening Story

Pins and Patterns.
(By Izola Forrester.)

"I don't see what any one can do about it," Philip remarked, finally. "She's on her own ground, dad."

Other property owners have rights like this. This section is a real estate property, Phil. She's starting in business, by gad, in the most exclusive part of Beechmont.

Only a very small black-and-gold sign. About two by seven," Phil glanced from the bay window across the street at the Dale residence. It was a handsome and imposing place, as the Hubbard home. Ever since old Mrs. Dale died, her granddaughter had kept the place up according to tradition. Ever since she had come from abroad and she had ideas on designing and making a living for herself.

Therefore, the black-and-gold sign read, "Gowns." Beechmont gasped at the intrusion and desecration. If she had placed the sign on the locked gate of the private little park in the center of the circle of houses Beechmont could not have been more perturbed.

He had been Pauline's pluck. They had been chums years ago, he remembered. He had always been glad when the little, wide-eyed, sturdy girl from Boston had come to visit across the street. She had short reddish curls and hazel eyes and freckles. He liked her best in a little white and pink dress with narrow black velvet ribbon knots. She had made a Pierot suit for her sailor doll, and he had thought her wonderfully clever.

She was now, looking at the little sign, "Gowns."

"I shall place it in the hands of Gorbelle," said his father, testily. "It's absurd that she can't see for herself how it lowers property values. She's twenty-two or three—old enough to know better."

"Go now," growled Mr. Hubbard. "Get it over with."

So across the street went the emissary, a very courteous, neighborly emissary, with the glint of fun in his blue eyes and a decided longing to renew his old friendship with Emily, as he had called her years before.

He was admitted by a neat, black-clad maid, and waited in the long reception room. He remembered the clambering cherubs holding up horns of plenty. The fire doors were closed, and there, as he had seen, beaten brass in the form of dragons. A few good rugs lay on the polished floor, a few excellent pieces of tapestry were there, and a few more in Mme. Dale's gold and glass cabinets for her treasures.

Evidently the pin-and-pattern estate was upstairs. He stood looking at a picture on the mantel when Pauline came down the long staircase. Dressed in black she was, but her small lace edged apron and her Auburn hair in close, wavy folds around her head, fastened with two flat silver pins enameled in black and the captain remembered them in Mme. Dale's white locks.

"How do you do, Phil? It's nice of you to call so soon. Her soft, traitor voice woke a queer thrill that he had forgotten. He forgot all about the cross old gentlemen waiting over the way as he talked with her. She had been abroad two years, mostly in France.

"This is only temporary," she said happily. "I mean my business. I want a really good, exclusive little place somewhere in the Forties in Fifth avenue. Or perhaps the Fifties. But I can wait. I'm going to make good. I only design personality gowns. Phil, on special orders. Do you think I'll succeed?"

"Did you speak to her assured her heartily. "Mother wants one now. I heard her saying she was to address some club on Materlinck and wished she had an interpretive gown for it."

Pauline half closed her eyes meditatively.

"I can just see her in one. She's slender, isn't she, and rather achingly roses in tone. Oh, but I would drape her exquisitely. Phil—twilight tones with an underlay of sunset rose blended into dull topaz. Bring her over please do."

The little maid came to say the car was waiting.

"I've got a very neat little one that I drive myself," she assured him. "It's a French car and I needed it. Don't you want to come with me, Phil?"

Phil accepted the invitation eagerly, all forgetful of his father. Pauline will his girl pal, Polly, and he watched her with a curious sense of gratitude to fate that had brought her back to live in Beechmont square.

"Did you speak to her about the infernal sign?" asked Mr. Hubbard after dinner that night. Phil smiled convincingly.

"I believe it will stay there very long, dad. She wants to rent a regular establishment down town, you know. I don't think it's worth while bringing suit. She seems very pleasant about it, sort of amenable to discipline, I should say."

"Yes, sir, straight."

"Well, we'll wait, then. I don't want to make the girl's livelihood from her, but she ought to know better."

"Yes, sir," said Phil. "Exactly."

Hubbard smiled from the rear tray end of the table. She knew the look in Phil's face. After dinner when he brought her and told her all about her plans she had listened sympathetically, and the following morning the little designer of personality gowns had an order for a Materlinck gown. It was to be a twilight gray, with underlays of chiffon and rose and dull topaz and silver grays. Pauline put her whole heart into the modeling of it, and

I have a sweetheart, bright and fair. With winking ways and tales to tell. The beauty of her form and face. She passes by all the boys in the park. She fascinates me when she talks. But disenchants me when she walks.

She calls me her ideal man. And I do everything I can. To make her just as glad and gay. As any bird you know today. But my angel she is not. Because she wabbles when she walks.

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Phil would drift across the street gazing naturally to watch her, or around in the gray and silver car seeking temperamental weaves and garnitures.

"You know, Phil," she told him, "your mother is adorably sweet and dear, and I am going to make her a perfect dream of wistful beauty, know it? I think she likes me, too. Your father doesn't, though." She laughed merrily. "I met him on the street and he greeted me with a friendly greeting, and he just groined at me."

"He'd better like you," Phil swung back sturdily.

"Don't you know why, Polly?" "You'll make me steer wrong. Let so my hand, Phil."

"I'll run the car myself." He took the wheel, from her firmly. "I'm going to run it for life for you, Polly, know it?"

"What will Beechmont say?" she flashed back whimsically. "Phil, I think the world of you but I'm afraid I can hang onto my little job. It's right under their noses and laugh but I dare to marry their very nicest bachelor?"

"You haven't anything to say about it?" "He's going to marry you." (Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Heavy Sleepers.

Ancient tales about the policeman's capacity for sleeping gain a certain importance from a happening reported no doubt veraciously, among the incidents of Tuesday's heavy thunderstorm.

While that storm was in progress it fell on the flagpole of the Gates avenue police station in Brooklyn. The pole was shattered and the sergeant at the desk was thrown violently to the floor.

When he recovered from the shock and had made his apprehensive way upstairs to the quarters occupied by the reserve squad he found that not one of the members had been awakened either by the electric bolt or by the prodigious noise that announced its arrival.

Of course, these policemen will have to endure a lot of ridicule about the profundity of their slumbers, but the fact that even a close-falling stroke was undisturbed by any noise except that of the accustomed signal or word marked the end of their allotted period of rest.

The thunder in their ears didn't do in the way of arousing the reserve squad would have been instantly effected by the sergeant's little whistle, and he blown it. That their subconscious self, the never-sleeping guardian of us all, would have heard, and on hearing, would have routed them out, reluctant, but submissive. It had a thunder crash, however, but in its wisdom it decided that no action was demanded, and let its nominal masters—who really are its slaves—sleep calmly on New York Times.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]

The man who wears squeaky shoes has no music in his sole.

A human paradox is a fellow who brags about his modesty.

A round of applause is apt to make a fellow feel square with the world.

The average woman dreads gray hair. In fact, she feels that she would die first.

Most of us would rather be damned with faint praise than to be damned with none.

You never can tell. Many a man boasts of his humility who isn't up to his ears in branches.

Quite naturally the goddess of fortune is fickle. Being a goddess, she is consequently feminine.

I prefer a rainy night for a hold-up," said the footpads' umbrella.

Tommy—"Pop, a street piano is operated by a crane, isn't it?" Tommy—"Yes, my son." Tommy—"Doesn't it sink in always by liand, isn't it?"

"Don't you ever net homesick, captain?" asked the passenger on the ocean liner. "No, I'm never home long enough to get sick of it," replied the captain.

Muggins—"So you are a firm believer in heredity, eh?" Buggins—"Sure. Adam looked out for No. 1, and his descendants have been doing it ever since."

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